

Queen Marie, of "Peeping Pansy" Fame, Is a Regular Fairy Queen in Real Life; Clemenceau Said: "She's a Good Soldier"

The Imaginative Tales by Marie, Queen of Roumania, Appear Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday on The Evening World Magazine Page.

Queen Marie Refused to Accept the Peace Treaty Made by Ferdinand and Secretly Urged the Wounded Soldiers to "Get Well Quickly" and Prepare to Fight Again.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

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Here is a recent photograph, taken at Longchamps during the French Grand Prix, of Queen Marie of Roumania, flanked on either side by her two daughters, Marie and Ileana.

QUEEN MARIE of Roumania has written the fairy stories of "Peeping Pansy" which are appearing in The Evening World. And that is fitting, for Queen Marie in real life is more completely a figure of beauty, of grace, of nobility, of bravery, of beauty, of nobility, of bravery, than any other royalty in Europe.

The war which toppled so many crowns, or showed them made of paste, but added to the lustre of hers. Like the British Boudicca of splendid legend, she won the title of the "Soldier Queen." In memory of France's most immortal woman, she has been christened "The Roumanian Joan of Arc." She is one of the very few men or women of royal blood who have made good when judged by democracy's exacting standards of individual usefulness and distinction.

Born an English princess, and long known as the most beautiful queen in Europe, she sympathized strongly with the Allies from the beginning of the war. And although her husband was a Hohenzollern with a brother in the German army and her father-in-law promised Roumanian neutrality, a few months after she and Ferdinand ascended the throne Roumanian, in her own phrase, "answered the call of the Allies courageously, even after having seen the Calvary of Serbia and Belgium."

A Calvary of her own awaited Queen Marie. Her baby, the youngest of her six children, three-year-old Prince Mircea, was a victim of the German invasion. According to one story, typhus germs were borne to him from the sick and starving peasants whom the German army drove before it into the Roumanian capital of Bucharest. According to another report, little Mircea was a direct victim of a German atrocity, having been poisoned candy dropped in the palace garden by German aviators.

Even on the day of his death Queen Marie did not neglect her wailing men, whom she was nursing as a Sister of Charity and to whom she had given up the greater part of the Bucharest palace. She had written a pathetic description of the way in which she was torn between her personal tragedy and that of her country.

It is his birthday. A day set apart for national rejoicing, and death stands waiting, waiting at the side of his child's bed. Others are waiting; they too are my children. On this day all have a right over me. Filling my arms with flowers, I hurry to the bedside of my wounded child—there is so little time—my child is dying.

That night the little boys life ended and the mother and Queen had barely time to bury him before fleeing from the Germans about to enter the capital.

During the campaign of 1918 German aviators made a special trip to drop bombs on her summer home while her husband was absent at the front. She was alone with her children and a few servants. It is easy to imagine that she yearned for an anti-aircraft gun to retaliate upon the unobtainable enemy.

When the Roumanian Army, overcome by superior numbers, was retreating, their Queen accompanied their every hardship without complaint and doing all in her power for the suffering of such wounded as she could reach. Her home and even her jewels had been captured.

Arrived at Jassy, a town in the eastern section of the country where the remnants of the army and the civilian refugees congregated, Queen Marie worked day after day as a Sister of Charity in the hospitals. She labored in the midst of the most frightful disease, suffering and want, and repeatedly sent to the outside world appeals for help for her stricken people, written with her well-known literary brilliancy and eloquence.

Meanwhile the Germans were conducting a peace offensive against King Ferdinand, during which the then Emperor Charles of Austria wrote this famous "this is a time when Kings must stick together" letter.

Ferdinand finally accepted to an outrageous peace treaty. Marie alone refused to recognize it. She declared that she would rather abdicate than remain Queen of grace of Germany. In the loyal and unswerving portion of her country she was a beacon of rebellion, whispering into the ears of the soldiers who turned that they must get well to fight again.

Forced to witness the formal demobilization of the Roumanian Army, she exclaimed: "Please God, it shall not be for long. With God's help we will fight again, and I pray the day is not far off. My soul will never rest until the honor of the country is vindicated before the eyes of our allies." She was the instigator of more than one anti-German outburst before the armistice wrote "this" to Germany's dream of Mittel-Europa.

Then she went to Paris to appear as a supplicant before the Peace Treaty in behalf of her hungry country. She is still working earnestly for the reconstruction of war-ravaged Roumania. Clemenceau received her full military honors, and on her breast she wears the French War Cross, presented, as the citation shows, to "a good soldier." Isn't she one, and the reincarnation of every queen of warlike myth and legend?

Courtship and Marriage

BY BETTY VINCENT.

HERE is a letter from a young girl, eighteen, who has "loved and lost," and believes she will never love again. No doubt many a young girl has had this very experience and come to the same conclusion, so I am printing her letter in full:

"Dear Miss Vincent: I am a very popular girl and seem to have the ill luck of making most of my gentlemen friends fall in love with me. I can't appreciate this love because I loved some one once, so much, that I don't think I have a heart any more.

"There is a nice young man who loves me dearly, and he doesn't want me to have any friends, but just this very thing. This is really my fault, because one night I told him I loved him, and really I did just at that time, but the next day I felt that this was not true, when I thought of the other love I lost. I am eighteen, very pretty and sociable, but I do not think I can ever love again.

"Please tell me what to do in regard to the young man I believed I loved but now know that it is only sympathy that I felt and

Old New York as Seen Through Young Eyes

Greenwich Village No Longer Home of Aristocrats; "Actors and Uidlanders There Now," Says Astor

An Ancient Artist of The Old School and an Ancient Irishman of the Same Class Tell of the Good Old Days, Deprecate the Present.

Story and Pictures by Will B. Johnstone.

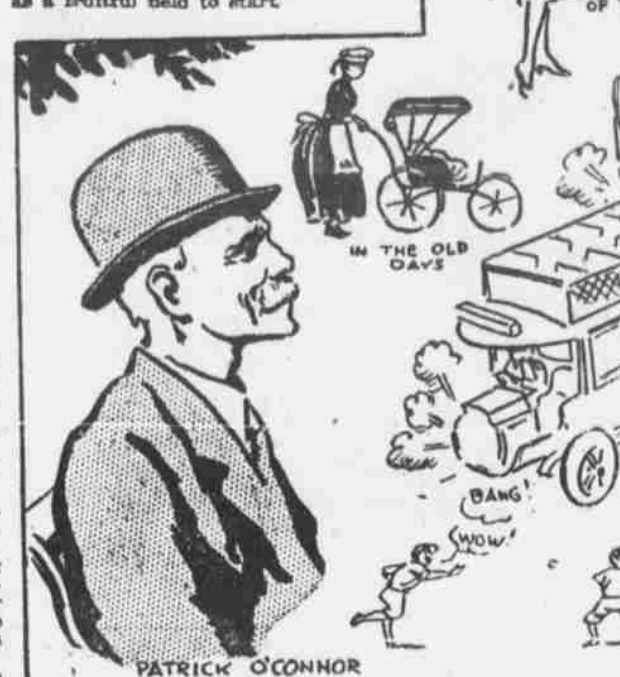
The first of a series of illustrated articles telling of the Old Traditions of New York and describing the changes wrought. The next article, on "Hell's Kitchen," will be printed on Thursday.

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NEW YORK is a city of Ham and Hickeys. This 1920 characterization of Manhattan Island is uttered by a member of the Astor family, and an Astor ought to know.

The implication is that New York's lightning change in fifty years have delivered the island to a new race. Principally actors and outlanders. But there are still some "old New Yorkers" left, and, being a "Hick," I sought them out to get their impressions on the Old versus the New.

Washington Square, the ancient seat of lettered ease, serious art and substantial fashions, appeared to me as a fruitful field to start.



Patrick O'Connor

For proper contrast I interviewed two extremes: an ancient artist of the old school, and an ancient Irishman of the old school.

Mean conflict, delightfully as to memory and point of view. All old timers do that.

I found Patrick O'Connor, age seventy-four, seated on a bench in the north corner of the square, under the "oldest tree in the park," according to Pat, which of course will be disputed.

"I've seen too many changes in New York City," said Pat with a genial brogue of the old sod. "I landed here from Cork in 1866. Came through old Castle Garden, wading up to my knees in mud there coming out. No fine Ellis Island then. Lived down in the Mulberry section until the blizzard in '88, then I moved up to Greenwich Village. You used to be able to get drunk for fifty cents then, you it feel it worth—if you can get it at all.

"Washington Square in those days was a private park with a picket fence around it and gates. It had gravel walks and the horsemen wholed the habits that belonged to the high-toned families living around the park. Nothing but Italian babies to-day and motor buses."

"Who were some of the swell that lived here?" I asked.

"Boss John Kelly of Tammany Hall lived over there at No. 23 Washington Square North," Pat pointed. "He's buried down in St. Patrick's in Mott Street, along with James T. Brady, the great criminal lawyer of those days. Brady was the John B. Stanchfield of his day and never lost a case."

(I am informed by St. Mortimer, an old timer, that Brady lost the Edwin Forrest divorce suit to his brilliant rival, Charles O'Connor.)

"George B. McClellan, in Mott Street, along with James T. Brady, the great criminal lawyer of those days. Brady was the John B. Stanchfield of his day and never lost a case."

(I am informed that McClellan didn't live in the west side but at No. 10, on the north side. Take your pick.)

I asked Pat about the famous scrapper John Morrissey. "Morrissey had a scrap down here at the Amos Street dock," Pat beamed. "I see some old timer claimed he fought 'Yankee Sullivan.' That's all wrong. John fought Bill Poole, an Englishman, and gave him a good licking. Pardon McLaughlin was timekeeper. John knocked Poole into the water. John was an old cannibal. They fished Poole out of the water half-drowned. "Poole was afterward killed by Baker."

(Here's another dispute. I learn Poole licked Morrissey, so soundly that it led to Poole being shot.)

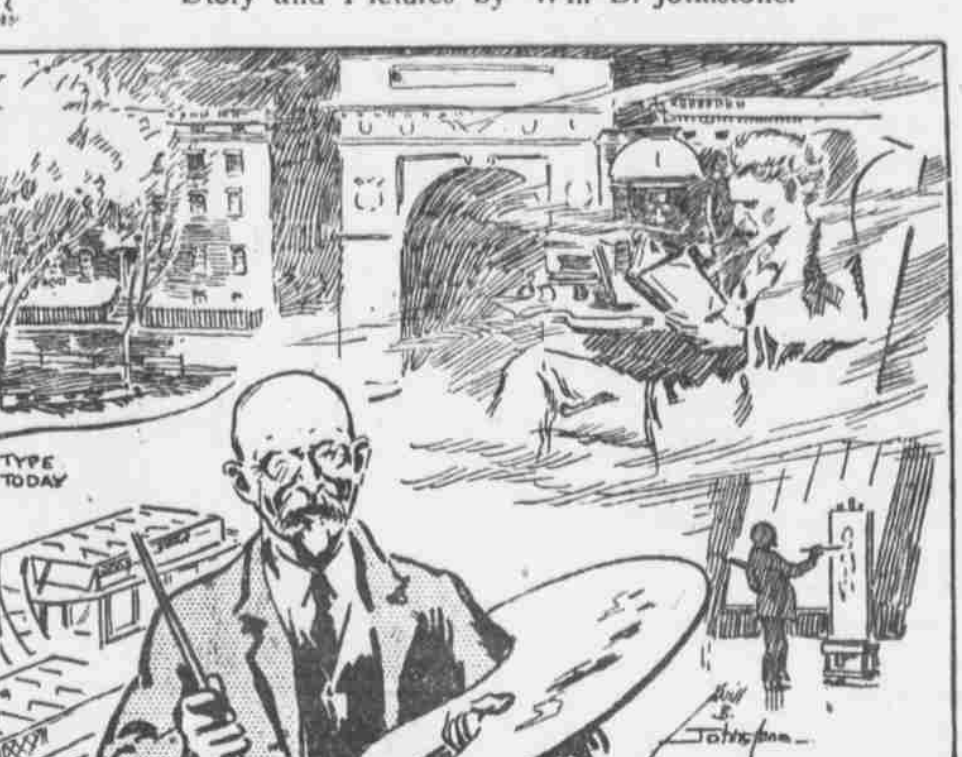
"There used to be more trees here in the park," Pat rambled on, "and it was quiet. Listen to the automobiles today and look at the funny looking people," indicating some modern "independent thinkers" of the "village group."

"He the change in New York for the better?" I asked.

"No," exclaimed Pat. "Prohibition is a holy terror. And look at the way people live. I stay with my married daughter. She has a seven-room flat and we only use three of the rooms. She has a five-hundred-dollar piano and fancy furniture in the parlor and it's never opened except for visitors. Then she has gas stoves and electric

An Ancient Artist of The Old School and an Ancient Irishman of the Same Class Tell of the Good Old Days, Deprecate the Present.

Story and Pictures by Will B. Johnstone.



F.W. Stokes

North, one of the old studio buildings sandwiched in the dimly row of historic red brick mansions on the uptown edge of the park. Stokes is representative of the old culture of the square. A celebrated painter of the serious school of American art. At his studio have gathered such masters as John S. Sargent, Frederick W. MacMonnies, George Gray Barnard and William Dela. Dodge. Stokes went to the North Pole with Peary, and his great masterpieces are the only artistic record of nature's colors in the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

"I've seen a great change in the square," said Stokes. "The professional Bohemians are coming in and exploiting the charm that clings to this historic section. The old guard are dying off. My old friend Richard Watson Glider, whose place in Eighth Street was famous for its celebrities, is gone. And A. W. Drake, art director of Century, who lived near Glider, has also passed out.

"Albert White Vorse, the writer and husband of Mary Haddon Vorse, who lived at No. 1 Fifth Avenue, is no more.

"Fifth Avenue, at 8th Street, was celebrated in its day. Mark Twain lived on the southeast corner, Daniel Sickles on the northeast corner. On the northwest corner was the old fireproof home. Washington Irving corresponded with Brevort, you know. (I didn't know.) Prince Edward was entertained at No. 1 Fifth Avenue in the old days."

"The commercial spirit of New York will be its ruination," commented Stokes finally.

This spirit has invaded the Quarter. The new art set of the Village, with their bizarre tea rooms, advanced art and letters, have seized upon the place. As a result the would-be Bohemians have been attracted to the Quarter for its atmosphere and real artists are being crowded out. "No studios are left," they tell you at the real estate office.

The Washington Square crowd are making the Quarter of F. Hopkinson Smith look like thirty cents.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell.

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"If you will tell me the truth, Willie," said Mrs. Jarr, with forced calmness, "if you tell mamma the whole truth she will not punish you. Who spoiled these table ferns?"

"I never touched 'em, mamma. Honest, I didn't," whined the little Jarr-boy. "The cat did it."

Mrs. Jarr restrained the tears of vexation with great difficulty. The ferns were shattered and shorn. The collection of small but shapely plants in the oval embossed dish had been trampled and unmarred when last Mrs. Jarr had beheld them.

Mrs. Jarr, all her married life, had seen forced hopes, in rubber plants and palms, wither and decay. But lately her table ferns had flourished. And now this tragedy!

You know, Willie," said Mrs. Jarr, more in sorrow than in anger, "it costs mamma two dollars and a half now to fill this fern dish, and with the care mamma takes of the pretty plants they last and look nice for months."

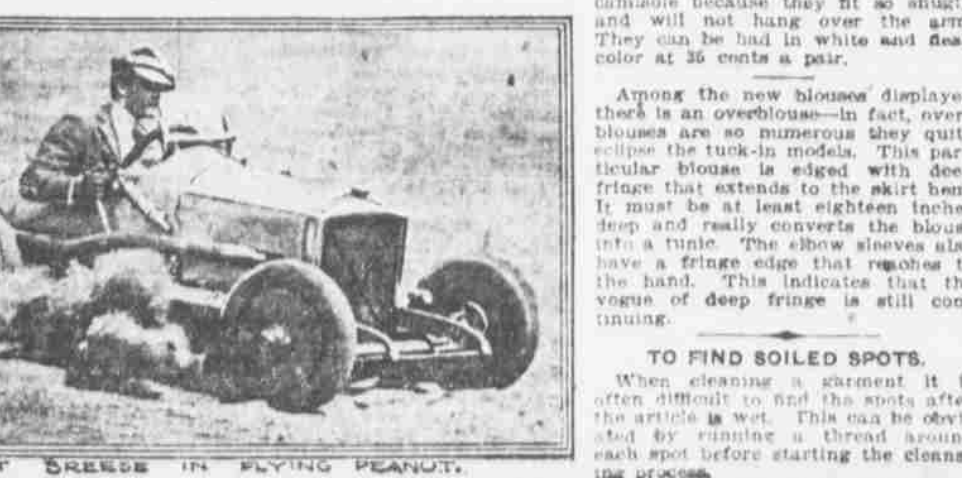
Mrs. Jarr could not believe that her cat—ANY cat—would eat ferns or table plants. She set the dish down on the floor, hardly noting what she did, and, lo, the cat came over and began to nibble the disordered herbages.

"There, mamma, see! It was the cat!" cried Willie Jarr. "I told you I didn't touch them!"

It was in Mrs. Jarr's thoughts to take the lad and ask his forgiveness.

Here Is the Latest Speed Charlot

Seen at Southampton Recently.



Robert Greese in flying peanut.

THE LAWYER BOYS

The Lawyer Is the Bird That Works While the Jury Sleeps; He Can't Lose, Provided He Gets His Retainer First.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

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THE only folks besides garage pirates that make their money from other folks troubles are lawyers. Like a mother-in-law an attorney-at-law always gets his living off someone else. What's a jam for a roughneck is jelly for the lawyer. For there are two sides to every question and lawyers to argue on both sides. And no matter which side the lawyer takes it's always the side that his bread's buttered on. He can't lose—provided he gets his retainer first.



The lawyer is the boy that makes ten cents' worth of evidence weigh like a ton on the scales of justice. He's the boy that makes a fat fee out of a slim chance. He's the boy that can prove that black is white or that white is black. He's the boy that makes one-half of one per cent. evidence look like 100-proof. He's the boy that can prove that ham and eggs are null and void or anything else that his case demands. In short, the lawyer works while the jury sleeps.

You find 'em everywhere except in the poor house. Congress is full of lawyers who practice at home and preach in Washington. A lot of millionaire brokers start as lawyers and finish at the tape. Most of our Presidents have been lawyers and all of our ex-Presidents is a lawyer—every 230 pounds of him! Lawyers take politics like a duck takes to water—and for the same reason. A duck takes to water because the water's fine!

Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer. That's how he knew you can fool all of the jurymen some of the time. And Daniel Webster was a lawyer too. Daniel got more credit for arguing cases than Noah got for writing the dictionary and building the ark. And Patrick Henry was the lawyer who argued a murder case with his "Give me liberty or give me death."

Law is on the installment plan now. You pay your lawyer \$10 down and the rest in easy payments when you get out of jail. It's the only installment scheme going where you have nothing to show for your money except receipts.

The Blackstone boys get your money for handing you advice for the reason that time is money with them. You tell your story to the lawyer, the lawyer tells it to the jury, and the judge tells it to you. That's all there is to it, except you get the time and the lawyer gets the money. Some lawyers won't even argue with their wives without a retainer fee.

The lawyers have got it on us cold the same as the doctors have—because they write out their stuff in Latin. A pageful of legal phrases will make a horse thief sound like a college graduate. The lawyers take the days of the month written out in Latin, which always sounds pretty good. The only trouble is that the judge announces the days and the months in English—which the defendant is always sure to understand. Still, legal Latin has its compensations. A lawyer's habes corpus gets you out of the jug as much as a doctor's prescription.

So long as jurors are paid for listening, lawyers will flourish and prosper. A lawyer will be our national game. Which means a guy goes back to the bushes if he suffers from lack of practice. When he loses his wind, he's put on the bench.

VACATIONS FOR HUSBANDS

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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JUST because a man is married together a union that otherwise would have been broken.

Isn't human nature to continue day after day, month after month, year after year, in close companionship and not get somewhat weary of it. I have heard many times of wonderful people who have never been parted for any length of time from each other and who have lived happily to the end of their days. I say that I rather doubt such cases, and certainly they are at least very rare indeed.

It seems to me there is just one thing that has broken marriages—marriage. Many a matrimonial bark has been broken because one or the other distrusted.

To sum it all up, the man you don't trust can't be trusted. If it is the woman with the woman. Therefore the sensible thing is to adapt yourself to tolerating or tolerating it.

The wise wife and the wise husband who loves deeply and has his giving, if he or she cares enough, will find kind, gracious means for winning back a temporary trust partner. It has never been done with food.

Each party, however, must realize that a little vacation now and then is related by the best of men.

Newest Notes

Field Science

A mould has been invented for forming concrete posts in holes in the ground, mechanism operated by a crank mixing the concrete as the mould is lifted.

A Frenchman is the inventor of a rubber stopper with flexible projections to be folded around the neck of a bottle to afford additional security.

An inventor has supported 10 feet on a square umbrella frame, each side of which can be lowered separately, while the entire device packs in a box through which there are holes to hold the centre pole erect.

An experimenter has succeeded in successfully substituting crystals of Rochelle salt for dry cell batteries in telephone circuits to transmit and amplify sound.

Italian manufacturers have developed an abrasive method for making cork that wastes but 3 per cent. of material as compared with 20 per cent. when they are cut.

A Pennsylvania inventor has received a patent for ready-made concrete building parts, such as floors, steps, etc., formed in moulds, troughs easily put together.

As an improvement on the two fingered glove for swimmers, an inventor has patented one with a line of webbing surrounding the hand as well as folding between the fingers.

TO FIND SOILED SPOTS.

When cleaning a garment it is often difficult to find the spots after the article is wet. This can be avoided by running a thread around each spot before starting the cleaning process.